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is God's thoughts our mind thinks, God's will that worketh in us, the very life of God in which we participate."

R. H. S.

THREE VOLUMES OF VERSE FROM THE OHIO VALLEY.

I.

MYTH AND ROMANCE. By Madison Cawein. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is with interest that the present writer has watched Mr. Cawein's career of frequent publication. What industry! What perseverance! And, given talent, what else is needed but industry and perseverance? Mr. Cawein has long since become master of the fine, distinguished poetic phrase, the exquisitely wrought-out metaphor. Never has he lacked, except when under the influence of Browning, the dear old British Goth, a flattering tunefulness and a certain verbal prestidigitation, which, while often making his poems hard to understand as wholes, invariably rendered them delightful by stanzas and lines. Never, perhaps, has Mr. Cawein printed a piece of verse without giving therein unmistakable evidence of true talent. The present modest book, however, for the first time will assure the skeptic beyond question that Mr. Cawein has inspiration.

For the first two pieces of the collection Mr. Cawein's critic was prepared by his previous work. The "loamy odors of old solitudes," the eyes of the Oread, "constellated dusk," the "dim ambuscades of sun-embodied perfume," are poems condensed into phrases.

Do not the flowers, so reticent, confess
With conscious looks the contact of a god?
Does not the very water garrulously
Boast the indulgence of a deity?
And, hark! in burly beech and sycamore
How all the birds proclaim it! and the leaves
Rejoice with clappings of their myriad hands!
And shall not I believe, too, and adore,
With such wide proof? Yea, though my soul perceives
No evident presence, still it understands.

Surely we accept the *genius loci*, we worship, and experience a reward of sylvan peace.

In "Spirit of Dreams" there is a Shelleylike grace of aërial movement; in "To a Wind Flower," a lyric piety—and the prayer has the reader's heartfelt amen:

I shall not die, I shall not utterly die,
For beauty born of beauty—*that* remains.

Every reader has seen before with what workmanlike craft Mr. Cawein can fashion his ballads. Yet, did any one expect so much of a shock of sincere passion as is given by "Ghosts," that straightforward tale of ballroom experience where the lover under the spell of the dance deems he whirls to the strain of the music not his frivolous partner but the dead woman whom his soul loves?

Tastes differ. They must. Thank Heaven! they do, or we should agree. Well, then, what of "Dionysia?" After witnessing the orgies of a corrupted Bacchus worship, can we help crying with the poet:

Yet my dreaming—is it more
Than mere dreaming? Is some door
Opened in my soul? A curtain
Raised? to let me see for certain
I have lived that life before?

The intensity of the verse, its swiftness, its sensuous power of evocation, are remarkable.

And what of this summons in "Hymns to Desire:"

Awake! Awake!
Too long hast thou slumbered! too far from the regions of glamour,
With its mountains of magic, its fountains of Faëry, the spar-sprung
Hast thou wandered away, O Heart!
Come. O, come and partake
Of necromance banquets of beauty; and slake
Thy thirst in the waters of art,
That are drawn from the streams
Of love and of dreams.

Come! O, come!
No longer shall language be dumb!
Thy vision shall grasp
(As one doth the glittering hasp
Of a dagger made splendid with gems and with gold)
The wonder and richness of life. . . .

Shall we be a stiff-necked generation, and persist in refusal? Nay, rather, let us bid Mr. Cawein godspeed, and congratulate the Ohio Valley on his safe arrival to us with his latest consignment of goods from the heavenly city of song!

II.

THE HOUSE OF A HUNDRED LIGHTS. By Frederic Ridgely Torrence. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Dedicated to Edmund Clarence Stedman, with reverence and love, and decorated by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, with particular felicity of invention, comes this dainty, wise, witty, malicious little book of verse. The hundred lights may look out of a house in oriental style, but they look out those fivescore windows on the modern world of Western thought. The sun is center of the solar system, and life has been continuous. Man is not a finished thing. The common sense of the philosopher is put now in ironic epigram, now in fanciful fable of easy application. The homeliness and honesty of the ingredients—obtained at some moral pure-food store, which by culinary sortilege have been given a delicious pungent aroma—first require praise. Why should a man writing prose have to know whereof he discourses, but the verse-maker be held unaccountable in the courts of reason? Surely it is the delightful directness of Mr. Torrence's verse, his sweet temper of statement, his gay indifference to his reader's conviction or conversion, that lend the chief charm to the third or fourth reading.

Yet in stanza 13 "the old folks" would have been as colloquial and less conspicuous than "the old bugs." Father and mother would better not be classified among domestic insects—at all events, not on the printed page. Stanza 44, "just smell my hands," is good sarcasm, but a trifle vulgar. But these be fly specks. Here are samples of Mr. Torrence's craft:

"Doubt everything," the thinker said when I was parched with Reason's drought;
Said he, "Trust me, I've probed these things; have utter faith in me,—and doubt."

"What! doubt the Master Workman's hand, because my fleshly ills increase?
No; for there still remains one chance that I am not his masterpiece."

I saw them kissing in the shade, and knew the sum of all my lore:
God gave them youth, God gave them love, and even God can give no more.

At first she loved naught else but flowers, and then—she only loved the rose,
And then—herself alone, and then she knew not what, but now—she knows.

I did not hate the orator of many words for what he said;
I only thought it just some old quaint game his tongue played with his head.

Whether my days are cooled with calm, or filled with fever's ardent taint,
I have the same blue sky as God, I have the same God as the saint.

In all my undertakings I have entered in, my stratagem
Has been to widen carefully some gap for getting out of them.

Now, all ye slothful ones, who fear death's nearing goal, take heart of grace:
Who never went upon the road will never reach the halting place.

In this rough field of earthly life I have had cause for tears enough;
Yet, after all, I think I've gleaned my modicum of laughing stuff.

Ohio is to be congratulated on this first good American epigrammatist. We had the quatrains of Aldrich; but we lacked, though we hardly knew it, the long couplets of Torrence.

III.

THE HESPERIAN TREE. An Annual of the Ohio Valley. Edited by John James Piatt. Published for the editor by George Shaw, Cincinnati, Ohio.

This is a creditable volume, both as to literary merit and as to bookmaking. Besides the Piatts, husband and wife, Hay, Howells, Cawein, R. B. Wilson, Coate Kinney, Venable, and a score of less noted contributors, give verse and prose of considerable interest. The artists of Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana have furnished characteristic samples of their work. But it is to F. H. Farney, of Cincinnati, that is due the greatest credit for decoration: the title-page and frontispiece are both by him.

Such a volume is a symptom. There is coming into existence something like a gild of writers. It means fertilization of the literary soil. The very fact that such a book

could be manufactured in a provincial town bodes well for literary America. It will to many seem like a numbering of Apollo's sons and daughters "out West;" and thus apart from entertainment and pleasure to the eye, Mr. Piatt has given us proof that in this age of peace congresses and highly explosive humanitarianism for export of capitalistic love of labor and laborious worship of capital, we live not wholly forsaken of the Muses even in the valley of the Ohio.

W. N. GUTHRIE.

WATSON'S "STORY OF FRANCE."

After the history of the French Revolution had been written by Thiers, Mignet, Taine, Lamartine, Carlyle, and many other able historians, it seemed that nothing remained to be done save by diligent labor in the archives to throw light upon an obscure point here and there. Above all, it seemed presumptuous in a Georgia Populite to undertake to retell a story which had been told so often and so well. It was therefore with great misgivings that I took up Watson's "Story of France," and only as the result of repeated urgings. I do not hesitate to say, however, that it is the best history of the French Revolution to the fall of Robespierre that has appeared.

There are few things more difficult than to write an intelligible narrative of the Revolutionary movement. The actors are so numerous and they are striving for so many things, there are so many currents running in different directions, so many wheels revolving within wheels, that to present the subject in sufficient detail and yet with a masterful grasp of it as a whole is an extraordinary achievement. In this Mr. Watson has surpassed all his illustrious predecessors. In fullness of detail he approaches Thiers and Taine, in grasp of the subject as a whole he at least equals Mignet, in dramatic interest he is the rival of Lamartine.

The revolution has now been so thoroughly explored in all its ramifications that the time has come for a synthetic historian to seize all the separate threads, and weave them